

NEWS FROM ALL OVER IMPERIAL MISSOURI

Interesting Happenings Which Have Taken Place in the Greatest State in the Union.
The Product of the Scissors, the Pen and a Little Actual Labor

State Treasurer Deal reports a balance of \$3,983,296.68 in the Missouri state treasury on January 1.

A prosperity note in the Maysville Herald announces the advent of a new undertaker.

The number of patients at the St. Francis hospital at Maryville during the year was 543. There were 29 deaths.

There are too many fathers, thinks the Carrollton Republican-Record, who at night tie up the dog and let the boys run loose.

There were 256 marriage licenses issued in Nodaway county during the year 1915. There were 365 hunters' licenses issued during the year.

Maybe Big Lake, near Bigelow, will come back as a fishing resort. Government fisheries will supply a carload of game fish for restocking the lake.

When a fall of seventy-five feet into Mine 12 at Huntsville failed to injure a negro miner there the other day, the report gained circulation that he had alighted on his head.

The peace and dignity of Macon is so well preserved that there was only one fine assessed in police court during the month of December. During the month before there was none.

Noting the headline "Watch Out for Fake \$10 Bills," the Clinton Republican says it has been watching for them for a long time and that a counterfeit would look better than none.

Following a decision in a divorce suit at Benton last week, the sheriff was required to take a little three-year-old girl from her mother's lap and deliver her to her father.

The "oil fever" that has been prevalent for some months in Vernon county is spreading. Prospectors now have arranged to drill across the line in Bates county.

Several hours after it had been dressed and hung out on a hook in a Gentry poultry house, a featherless turkey was found strutting about the room. Gee, but it was a tough-old bird.

"Wouldn't it be funny to see a bunch of them walking down the streets with their hands in their pockets," chuckles the Salem Post, noting that pockets now are woven in women's stockings.

Commenting on a recent decision in a divorce case where the judge made an order giving the wife 20 per cent of the husband's salary, the Monett Star overheard a resident state that in many instances "the husband's gross income doesn't amount to that."

Uncle Isaac Price, Nodaway county's oldest man, died at Hopkins in that county, January 3. Uncle Ike was 101 years old and it was his proud boast that he had voted for every Democratic president from Andrew Jackson to Woodrow Wilson.

When a representative of the Paris Mercury seeking news, saw three prosperous business men from a neighbor town scrambling from a box car on an incoming freight train, reportorial curiosity was aroused and an inquiry followed along the lines of a story concerning the railroad commission's recent ruling as to passenger rates. It turned out, however, that the trio merely were dodging subpoenas in a divorce case.

Nodaway county has 1,299 automobiles registered at the office of Secretary of State Roach at Jefferson City, and outside of St. Louis and Kansas City, is the fifth county in the state in the number of cars. A compilation of the motor registration by counties shows that the city of St. Louis, with 16,362 and Kansas City, with 9,289 registration; Jasper county, with 2,636; Buchanan, with 2,237; St. Louis, with 2,119; Green, with 1,389; Nodaway, with 1,299; and Jackson, with 1,296.

"It must be a pretty big rat," Herman Pape of Cape Girardeau told his wife, when they were awakened in the night by a commotion in the cellar. Armed with a stove poker and a short length of plank and accompanied by Mrs. Pape, who held a lamp, Herman went down cellar rat hunting. Seeing a large fur covered animal, he hurled the poker as a javelin and followed with sundry swats with the plank. An informal inquest proved he had killed a good size coon.

Thirteen is not always an unlucky number. The city marshal at Sarcocoxie made that number of arrests last week and, the town having no jail, released the prisoners on their own recognizances. None appeared in court and all feel lucky that there is no jail.

A check for three cents was the smallest check mailed out by the Webb City bank in distributing its Christmas savings fund, started a year ago. The money was the initial deposit made by a little boy.

The heaviest load of hogs to go out of Monroe county this season was a lot of fifty shipped by Robert Cruzan. The hogs averaged 362 pounds and brought the top price at market.

It looks as if the incident might be twisted around into a good road argument. "Brice" Street of Seneca guessed the exact number of seeds in a pumpkin and received a reward of twenty pounds of candy.

The \$65,000 fire in Christian county recently was clearly of incendiary origin, yet there will be no prosecutions. A bond issue of that aggregate was burned by the sheriff, who called in sixteen citizens to assist.

A tannery which, when completed, will cost \$7,000,000 and will employ between 4,000 and 5,000 men, is to be erected in St. Louis by the International Shoe company. It was announced by officials of that concern this week.

At Monett, Emmet Thomas, an 18 year old boy, brought a rusty old musket to add to the hilarity of a charivari party, and rammed about eight inches of powder down the barrel. The gun blew to pieces and Emmet is minus a thumb and two fingers of his left hand.

The old river bed east of Wellington is yielding numerous specimens some of which are being added to the News' museum. The latest addition is a pair of petrified horns which evidently once adorned the head of some prehistoric animal.

For stealing a worn pair of \$4 shoes a chap over at Brookfield is spending the winter in jail, where his "punishment" consists of warm quarters and regular meals. The Budget wonders why more "weary willies" don't steal shoes and play safe for the winter.

A thoughtful hen belonging to an Albany citizen, presented its owner with a fine brood of chickens on Christmas day. The mother had hidden her nest away in a cozy corner of the barn and surprised the family on Christmas day by walking out with a brood of fifteen chickens.

Time was when the meek and lowly rabbit took rank on the butcher's block with liver and soup bones and butters were satisfied with three cents to five cents apiece for slaughtered "cotton tails." Not so in these days of h. c. l. Rabbits in Missouri markets are bringing as much as \$4 a dozen and are classed as patrician food these days.

"Sprouts" shoot naturally in the vegetable world, but when the two brothers of that name in Grundy county followed suit, the authorities protested and suits followed. Prosecutions in the criminal courts and civil actions incidental to the Sprouts family troubles during the last year were costly enough to eat up the earnings of a pretty good sized farm.

The village of Filley, down in Cedar county, maintains a farmers' telephone exchange, and when a blank was received, calling for a statement of receipts and expenditures for income tax information, no one thought enough about it to answer it. Uncle Sam did not forget, for the neglect drew a \$25 fine which the members ad to chip in and pay.

Mayor F. H. Schooler of Rock Port thinks the city has found an abundant supply of water in its new well at the depot. A test of ten hours showed a flow of thirty gallons to the minute and the well was not perceptibly lowered at all. It is probable that a large main will be laid from the new well to the big main on Main street, soon, though on account of the frozen ground it may not be completed until spring. A great source of the city's trouble with the pump at the depot as been the two inch pipe through which the water has had to be forced up town to the main leading to the sandpipe.

J. M. Wilkerson of route four is getting to be quite a wolf hunter. He killed one of the two foxes caught in the drive north of Liberty two weeks ago, and on Friday evening saw a wolf and got after the animal with his dogs and came near getting the beast. He sold the hide of the fox he killed to Mr. Martin for five dollars. Our dealers give from five to eight dollars for a fox or wolf hide.—Liberty Advance.

In the death of Jas. W. Turner, five men of Platte county have lost a considerable comrade of the horrible days of the civil war. Upon hearing of his death, one of his comrades, C. C. Jones, sent an emblem of honor to be placed on his coat, so that in death his body should bear testimony of a heroism in a lost cause. The other four comrades are Capt. Jas. Synnott, Mrs. Everett of Liberty, Judge L. L. Carnack and Mr. Mardock of late city.

Arriving at the conclusion that a delinquent tenant who had paid only two months' rent during the last year and lived under his roof long enough, Col. Matt Morrison of Cape Girardeau assembled a squad of carpenters and removed the roof of one of his houses, the same being done during a recent heavy rain. The plan was successful and nonpaying occupant sought drier quarters. Colonel Morrison says he doesn't mind the expense of repairing the house.

It was just like a movie in Cedar county the other day when Ernest McWilliams bought a new Ford and started home in it. He met a buggy with a man, woman and girl in it, and the team ran away. The boy who was driving the car looked back to see what the team was doing and fell off the end of a bridge, breaking a rod and a lamp. Then William Reed, the blacksmith, who tried to take the car to his shop, ran into a ditch, throwing everybody out.

Sheriff Ham arrested "duck" Collier of Trimble and Logan of near Smithville a few days ago charged with being members of a gang who have been stealing a large amount of turkeys and chickens during the past several months. We have been informed by reliable persons that this gang has stolen chickens and turkeys during the past year amounting to nearly \$1,000. The people who reside in the south and southeast part of the county are reported as being the ones who have lost the largest amount of poultry by these thieves. Two of them are now behind the bars at Platte City and as soon as circuit court meets again will certainly serve time at Jefferson City.—Edgerton Journal.

The heroine of the Oklahoma state prison mutiny two years ago, Miss Mary Foster, a resident of Farmersville, was married at Chillicothe, last Thursday, to Charles W. Henninger, an insurance man of Vandalia, Ill. At the time of the prison mutiny Miss Foster was stenographer to the warden. Two of the prisoners in making their escape passed through the office of the warden where Miss Foster was at work alone. One of the convicts grabbed her and, using her for a shield from the guards' fire, entered a buggy outside the prison and drove away in an attempt to escape. The guards were unable to fire on the convicts fearing they would hit the girl. An opportunity came and the guards opened fire, killing both convicts. One of the bullets pierced Miss Foster's thigh.

Uncle Joe Blackwell, one of Richmond's colored citizens, was a caller at the News office Tuesday forenoon to tell us that he had killed a big blacksnake that morning at his home on East Buchanan street. His snake-ship had been visiting the chicken house at the Blackwell home and causing consternation among the flock. Tuesday morning Uncle Joe heard a commotion among his chickens and an investigation revealed a blacksnake four and one-half feet in length, which was soon dispatched. Inside the snake was found one of a couple of artificial eggs which had been placed in Uncle Joe's chicken house. It is indeed remarkable for a snake to be seen in this country on the fourth day of January.—Richmond News.

On Sunday, Mrs. John D. White, grandmother of John R. White of this place, will reach the one hundred mile stone on the journey of life. She will be one hundred years old Jan. 9, 1916. The town of Whitesville was named for her and her husband, who builded and owned the first store building at this place, about seventy years ago. The building stood on the ground now occupied by the Carter store. She resides with her daughter. She is the mother of Grandma White, the grandmother of J. R. White, and great grandmother of L. S. and Cleo White, all of this place, and has descendants

living here to the fourth generation. For many years she was totally blind, and became a great reader of books for the blind, but through an operation has again received her sight.—Whitesville Missourian.

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JUST HUMOR



Similar But Different.
"Tell me, professor," said the inquisitive student, "are the three elements, fire, water and air, political elements?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old party of the wise part, "but the political elements are somewhat similar."

"What are they, professor?" asked the youth.

"Fire-water and wind," was the reply.

Easily Settled.
The great magazine editor had just addressed a strong editorial to infants.

"But, sir," his assistant timidly pointed out, "some infants can't read."

"I thought of that," vouchsafed the great man. "Their mothers can read it to them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Last Resort.
"You seem a man of literary taste."

"Well, I've read a few books."

"Now, I don't like poetry and don't care much for fiction, while history and philosophy nearly always put me to sleep. What would you advise me to read?"

"Umph! You might tackle a time table."

Unkind.

"I understand he inherited a fortune."

"Yes, he was his rich uncle's only heir."

"I thought so."

"What do you mean?"

"Nobody who had more than one heir to choose from would have picked him out to leave all his money to."

UNPREPARED.



Teacher—Have you a little ready money?

T. Wadd—What I have came to me so slowly that I hardly think it's ready to go.

A Painful Poem.

In haste she tried to drive a nail,
But the next time she will linger;
Then perhaps she'll miss the one
That's growing on her finger.

Still at it.

"What's become of the old-fashioned man who put the worship of Mammoth and the Demon Rum in the same category?"

"I heard him make a speech on yesterday."

"Yes?"

"He was firing a distinguished apostle of preparedness."

The Ruling Passion.

"I love a French poodle. What do you prefer, Mayme?"

"Oh I just adore an English setter."

"What do you like best, Jack?"

"Well, give me a Welsh rabbit."

Fashion Philosophy.

"Europe used to set the fashions for the world."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but the fashions of one decade become the horrible examples of the next."

Practical Way.

Gladys—I wonder which is the easiest way to acquire a fine sweeping gait?

Mother—Just go over there and take that broom.

Specifications.

"I hear our new cook made a bad brew today Ella. Did she forget to brew the soup?"

"It was a worse break than that. My best china!"

The Beaumarchaises of the Press.

Written for the Christian Science Monitor

There was once a gentleman who was very fond of writing to the papers to draw attention to a certain statement in the Apocrypha, on the subject of the advantages of medicine. It always seemed strange that he preferred the Apocrypha to the Old or the New Testament, except that the Old Testament explains what happened to King Aza when he turned from God to the physicians, and the New Testament what happened to the people of Palestine when they turned from the physician to God. One day it was pointed out to him that his favorite Apocryphal text went on, beyond the point he was fond of stopping at, to imply that the happiest fate for anybody was not what the text described as falling into the hands of the physicians. After that he never seemed to take the same pleasure in the Apocrypha again, and gradually, like the smile on the face of the Cheshire cat, his letters faded out from the columns of the press.

One is reminded of the incident by the extraordinary publicity which is being, at the present moment, given in the press to a certain malady. Column after column is being filled with details of the most lugubrious description, which, in their very insistence on the dismal side of things, seem to imply that most newspapers keep a Mrs. Gummidge on their staffs. The efforts of this good lady are quite as hard on the medical profession as ever was the Apocrypha. For, if all the details printed are to be accepted, there are an enormous number of people whose relations have every reason to know, as the Apocrypha points out, that it is not a happy thing to fall into the hands of the physicians. If anything were necessary to prove how desirable another method of treating sickness it, it has been held up before the public, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the columns of these newspapers which are explaining not only the violence of the present epidemic, but the extraordinary failure of medical efforts to cope with it. The simple fact is, of course, that if you first impress upon people the virulence and danger of an epidemic, you are uncommonly likely to meet with the result of your own handiwork in the tenacity with which these people cling to the mental picture of disease which has been so persistently held before them, and resist every effort to expel it from their minds.

The history of medicine is a history of persistent change in medical methods. Remedies which one age accepted as the best and end of all scientific knowledge, have been ruthlessly and scornfully rejected by another age, as the quintessence of ignorance and folly. The physicians of the first century indulged themselves in dosing people with the most noxious of compounds. Today a great doctor tells us deliberately that drugs are a thing of the past, and so throws the physic of centuries to the dogs. These doctors had a special cultus for anything that was red. The flesh of a red scorpion, the blood of a red deer, these were in fallible panaceas, when an ordinary fallow deer or any other sort of a scorpion would have been anathema. This belief in color did not end in a day. The physicians of the fourteenth century dressed their patients in red gowns, and hung their beds with red cloth. Even within the last three or four years a medical man has written to the papers maintaining that this reliance on red was based on a scientific deduction, and was no mere fallacy of the medieval or dark ages. The bowmen of Cressy had their wounds bathed with oil, for oil was still supposed to contain great healing virtue. The soldiers of today have their wounds treated with antiseptics. But thought travels quicker today than in the long night which separates the days of the Black Prince from those of Joshua, and already doubts are being cast upon the extreme value of antiseptics.

The intention of this argument is not, however, to find joints in the medical armor of all these centuries. It is to point out that medical practice has turned from one material remedy to another material remedy, with the sole result that diseases have

changed their names or their complexities instead of being destroyed. Nobody in the dark ages ever heard of appendicitis, any more than anybody in medieval days ever heard of influenza. They had different names for diseases in those days, but the effect was very much the same. Where the mistake was made then, and where the mistake is being made now, is in not recognizing that disease is mental, though it is manifested materially; and that it takes rise in passions, such as anger, or in fears, such as of heredity, with the result that when the effort is made to destroy the effect instead of the cause, the change which takes place is merely the substitution of one belief capable of sickness for another belief equally capable of sickness. In these circumstances, to fill the mind of the whole country with a picture of disease, is simply to be more guilty of spreading disease than the exposure of any number of what are termed infectious cases. The infection, in the latter instance, lies really in the fear in the human mind which generates its own result. Just as an army, sagging in defeat, can be swept away in headlong flight by terror of a danger which does not exist, and fall under the pursuit of a victorious enemy, so a country may be swept by a terror of sickness, equal to the army's terror of the sword, and with exactly the same results. The danger to the army is nothing but the mesmerism of its own fear imparted from soldier to soldier. The danger to the country is simply the mesmerism of its own fear imparted from patient to patient. As this begins to be understood people will be very careful about "consumption weeks," and will begin to realize that they are consumption weeks with a vengeance, for they are consuming the ordinary man's belief in health and vitality, and sapping it with a belief of disease, which operates through the fear which is generated from the pictures held persistently before him. When the press of the country prints the picture from Dan to Beersheba, from New York to San Francisco, of the terrific havoc of an epidemic today, it does precisely what the voice of fear does when it cries to the army, "Sauve qui peut," in defeat.

When a country picks up its morning newspaper, and finds that it is in the very grip of a dread disease; when it reads column after column, explaining in statistics, eloquent beyond words, the failure of the medical profession to deal with that epidemic; when case after case is detailed for its edification, with the fullest delineation of symptoms, then everybody knows what is likely to occur. It begins to look for symptoms, and it is not slow in finding them. The symptoms rapidly develop according to the fear of the patient, or the impression which has been made upon him by the mental picture. He finds himself growing steadily worse, and all his friends and relatives prepare to fear the worst. That is how the careful dissemination of the record of an epidemic, built up on sensational statements, grows into being. The course is exactly like Beaumarchais' Evolution of Scandal. An epidemic, sir! You do not realize what you are depressing. I have seen the most respectable persons nearly overwhelmed by it. At first a light sound, skimming the earth like a swallow before the storm, very softly (pianissimo) it murmurs and purrs, and sows in its course poisoned arrows. It is on somebody's mouth, and softly, softly (piano, piano) it glides slyly into your ear. The evil is done. It is born, it creeps, it walks, and with growing power (rinfornzando) it goes from mouth to mouth. Then, on a sudden, I can't tell you how, you see it straighten up, hiss, swell, and grow tall before your very eyes. It sprins, stretches its wings, whirrs, envelops, seizes, carries off; it flashes lightning, it thunders, and becomes a huge and cry, a public crescendo, a universal chorus. Yet it is the Christian era, and the founder of Christianity said, "These signs shall follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Assassins a Vicious Tribe.

The Assassins, or Assassinsians, a band of fanatical Mohammedans, came into Persia and settled there about 1090. They also possessed themselves of a large tract of land in Syria. They trained up the young to assassinate persons designated by their chief. From them came the word assassin. After making way with quite a number of rulers they were run out of Persia and Syria.

Where the Fault Lay.

"Pardon me," said the drummer "but somehow your courthous looks to be in the wrong place?" "Nopel!" replied the landlord of the Potemkin tavern. "What makes it look so is that the town is in the wrong place to make the courthous look in the right place."—Kansas City Star.

Joy in Little Things.

Yes, there is joy in little things. We don't have to wear silk-lined opera capes or eat lunch in a French restaurant to have a good time. No matter how humble our home or narrow our life's path may be, if we are blessed with health there are numberless little joys awaiting us whichever way we turn, but we must train our eyes to see them and our hands to grasp them, and finally we must tell others less observant of the treasure box we've found.

Just a Suggestion.

"In writing this book I had one eye on the stage and one eye on the moving pictures." "Pity you didn't have another eye to keep on the book. You might have improved it a lot."—Louisville Courier-Journal.